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UA98 1907 Potter College Talisman

Potter College for Young Ladies

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Talisman
'07



THE TALISMAN

*Published by the Senior Class
of Potter College*



SECOND VOLUME

* * * 1907 * * *

Dedication

*We respectfully dedicate
this volume
to our
beloved president
Benjamin Francis Cabell*



*Yours truly
B. F. Cabell*

Gift of Miss Smith - March 1887

BIOGRAPHY

REV. Benjamin F. Cabell, D. D., President of Potter College, was born at Campbellsville, Taylor County, Ky., in 1850. Directly after the Civil War he was sent to Bedford, Ind., to school. When he had completed a four years' course at this school, he entered the Ohio Wesleyan University. He was graduated from this institution and returned to Campbellsville, where he was engaged in teaching school for two years. Later he accepted the position of Assistant Professor of Latin in Ogden College, Bowling Green, Ky. The next year he was made President of the same school.

From Bowling Green he removed to Cedar Bluff, Ky., in 1877. He remained in this place twelve years, retaining throughout the time the presidency of a college there. At some time during these years the idea of establishing Potter College for Young Ladies, at Bowling Green, took root in his mind. He came to Bowling Green in 1889, and put his plan into effect. The B. D. degree was conferred upon him in 1905 by the Wesleyan University at Winchester, Ky. He is still the much beloved and respected President of Pleasant J. Potter College.

POTTER COLLEGE



TALISMAN STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:

WILLIA FOSTER.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

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BESSIE TAFT.

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(Honor member of class of 1893, Potter College)
Teacher of Mathematics.

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(Caldwell College. Two years teacher in Washington, D. C.)
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(Received Musical Instruction in Leipzig and Munich, Germany)
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MISS SARAH B. WIGHT,
(Has spent four years in Leipzig and Vienna)
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(Was with Leschetitzky two years in Vienna)
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Conversational and Classical French and German.

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Health Matron.
MRS. BROWNFIELD,
Housekeeper.



CLASS OF '07.

Motto: *Semper idem, semper fidelis.*

YELL:

Boon-a-lacka, boont-a-lacka, bah, bah, bah!
Chick-a-lacka, chick-a-lacka, chaw, chaw, chaw!
Yellow and White,
We're all right,
Seniors, Seniors, rah, rah, rah!

OFFICERS.

ELIZABETH AVERY TAFT	President.
CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH MARSHALL	Vice President.
LYDA BUNKER	Secretary.
GERSTER MARIE CAMAK	Treasurer.
MARY AMELIA WASHBURN	Historian.
MARGARET DREW PATTERSON	Prophet.
ETHEL BLIGH TISSINGTON	Poet.
ELIZABETH AVERY TAFT	Editor-in-Chief "Green and Gold."
WILLIA KER FOSTER	Editor-in-Chief "Talisman."

COLORS: Yellow and White.



LYDA BUNKER, Arkansas, AHC

Literary Course Treasurer Sophomore Class '04, '05; Treasurer Junior Class '05, '06; Secretary Senior Class '06, '07; Secretary V. W. C. A. '06, '07; Vice President of Hypatia Literary Society.

"As merry as the day is long."



GERSTER MARIE CAMAK, Arkansas.

Literary Course Treasurer Senior Class '06, '07; Ossolian Literary Society; Tennis Club; Bowling Club.

"And torture one poor word ten thousand ways."



WILLIA KER FOSTER, Louisiana, BSO

Literary Course Treasurer V. W. C. A. '05, '06; Associate Editor, "Green and Gold;" President Ossolian Literary Society '06, '07; Business Manager "Green and Gold" '06, '07; Editor-in-Chief "Talisman" '06, '07; President V. W. C. A. '06, '07.

"Without her smile
Life would be tasteless, vain and vile."



CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH MARSHALL,
Georgia, ΔHK

Classical Course. Vice President Senior Class '06, '07; Secretary Ossolian Literary Society '06, '07; Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Tennis Club.

"I have no men to govern in this world.
That makes my only worry."



MINNA GAYLE PALFREY, Louisiana, BΣO

Classical Course. Vice President Ossolian Literary Society, '06, '07; Assistant Business Manager "Talisman" '06, '07; Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Tennis Club; Bowling Club.

"O reform it altogether."



MARGARET DREW PATTERSON, Kentucky.

Literary Course. Town Student. Assistant Business Manager "Green and Gold" '06, '07; Business Manager "Talisman" Ossolian Literary Society.

"Talking she knew not why and cared not what."



NANCY LOUISE PICKERING, Tennessee, ΔHK

Classical Course. Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '06, '07; Associate Editor "Talisman" '06, '07; Hybatian Literary Society.

"O blessed with a temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."



MARY LEE SMITH, Kentucky.

Classical Course. Town Student. Associate Editor "Green and Gold" '06, '07; Secretary Freshman Class '03, '04; Hypnium Literary Society.

"And if she will, she will, you may depend on't;

And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't."



ADELLE ADAMS STEELE, Tennessee.

Classical Course; Town Student.

"My man's as true as Steel."



ELIZABETH AVERY TARR, TEXAS, 1906

Classical Course, Vice President Sophomore Class '04, '05; President Junior Class '05, '06; President Senior Class '06, '07; President Hypatian Literary Society '06, '07; Vice President Y. W. C. A. '06, '07; Vice President Hypatian Literary Society '05, '06; Associate Editor "Talisman" '06, '07; Editor-in-Chief "Green and Gold" '06, '07; Tennis Club.

"Your name is great in mouths of wisest censure."



ETHEL BLIGH TISINGTON, LOUISIANA, 1906

Classical Course, Secretary Hypatian Literary Society '06, '07.

"Hang sorrow, care will kill a cat.
Therefore let's be merry."



MARY AMELIA WASHBURN, LOUISIANA

Classical Course, Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Member Ossolian Literary Society; Tennis Club; Basket Ball Club.

"Still water runs deep."

HISTORY OF THE SENIOR CLASS

It is a beautiful day in early Spring—an ideal day on Potter College Hill. My thoughts wander backward and dwell on the memories of the senior class. I sit and dream, as it were. Before my mind's eye there floats in a hazy view the successive stages of the growth of the class.

First, I behold, riding up the hill on a warm morning in early September of the year nineteen hundred and three, two young maidens from the town of Bowling Green. On their faces I can see a keen and eager expression, showing plainly their hunger for knowledge. They are entering upon their freshman course in this College from which now, after a long and brilliant career, they are about to receive their degrees, the reward for patient and diligent labor.

We need not be told who these wayfarers up the Highway to Knowledge are. One is our much esteemed Mary Lee, who has always distinguished herself for the excellent record she has made as a student. The other is no other than our lively, talkative little Maggie, who, too, is noted for her bright intellect, but who has always possessed such antagonism for Latin that she could not be persuaded to work for an A. B. degree.

The next scene of this vision of the Past presents a travel-worn girl alighting from a cab before the doors of Potter. It is in the heart of winter—January, 1904. The traveller looks chilled and tired out by her long journey from her Southern Louisiana home. Within a day or two—as soon as she has had time to rest—she takes up her work in the second term of the Freshman year. With her bright, smiling face, her sunny temperament, and her kind, cheerful words for every body, she is not long in winning her way into the affections of all. We have no occasion to ask who this is, for we know at once that it is our beloved WUBA.

The third scene carries me to September, 1904. I see three girls entering the portals of Potter College. They look weary and travel-worn. One has come from Texas, one from Arkansas, and the other from Georgia. And do I hear a voice inquire, "Who are these three Freshmanettes of 1904-'05?" Why, don't you know?

The girl from Texas, with a brow as large and open as the State from which she comes, one who has endeared herself to both faculty and students by her brightness of mind and great perseverance, is no other than our popular president, Bessie.

The Arkansas girl, of short stature and sparkling black eyes, who seems to take for her motto, "Don't worry," and who has by her sunny, genial disposition gained a whole host of friends, is Lydia, our prima donna.

The Georgia maid so tall, with the raven-like hair, is our affectionate hearted Charlotte the champion essaymaker of the class.

The next scene of the drama shifts to the Fall of 1905. The number of arrivals seeking admittance to the Junior class is five. All are from the sunny southland.

On the countenance of the brunette, just from Tennessee, is an expression of deep earnestness. This one characteristic has clung to her throughout her college life. Louise seems to view life in a serious, matter-of-fact way. She is the accomplished reader of the class, her talent having been brought out by the senior year in elocution. Her virtues are many and she is dearly loved.

One of the five is an Arkansas maid, Gerster. She has carried through her two years' course that wild which she enters—the air of being forever in a hurry, busy, and worried condition of mind; and the peculiar art of saying such ridiculously odd things. She fills a dear place in the hearts of us all.

The other three, so tall and stately, are Louisianians.

In one I can discern a tendency to giggle. I see her face beaming with joy, and now the crescendo smile, for which she is famous, envelops her whole countenance. We all know that this is our reckless, care-free Ethel, who by her very carelessness and by her affectionate ways has endeared herself to all.

The second of the trio, from the extreme southern part of the State, is no other than Minna, whose gloriously brilliant intellect and upright character have established her fame.

The last of the five new members of the Junior Class I see arriving on a chilly day in October. She is a tall, light-haired girl from the pine hills of North Louisiana. This is Mary, the historian of this illustrious class of nineteen-and-seven.

At the beginning of the year 1900-'07, there appears a dignified, matronly lady in the glow of young womanhood, asking permission to cast in her lot with the graduating class. Her calm repose of manner, and her self-confident bearing show her to be worthy of a place among the seniors. We recognize her as Mrs. Steele.

Our circle is now completed. The curtain is soon to fall. We, an army of twelve in a war against our formidable foe, Ignorance, have fought our battles. Though we have sometimes been very near defeat, we have mustered together all our strength and struggled ever onward. Now that the coveted victory is about won, who would censure us for boasting of our class? Where could you find one more praiseworthy? We are the proud Seniors, the class of nineteen hundred and seven.

M. W.



SENIOR CLASS POEM

(After "Hiawatha"—quite a distance.)

FROM the valleys over rivers,
From the plains across the mountains,
Came twelve maidens, fair and winning,
To gain knowledge from old Potter.
To the College on the hillside,
To the College famed in knowledge,
To the College in Kentucky,
Came these brilliant maidens twelve.

'Twas the first class they began in,
The first class of Academics,
On the first rung of the ladder,
With the aim of climbing upward,
Slowly they climbed higher, higher,
From the Freshmen to the Sophomore,
From the Sophomore to the Junior,
Till at last they reach the Senior—
Senior class, so skilled in knowledge.

Should you ask me of the members,
Of the members of this famed class,
I should tell you of their stories,
Of their stories wide and varied.
Lyda Bunker, the musician,
The musician rare and gifted,
Always holds her audience spell-bound
By the great strength of her technique.

Next in line is Gerster Camak,
She who wishes to inform us,
That the end of life is wisdom,
To be sheltered and protected
In the home of one who loves us.
Willia Foster, in her lessons,
Drinks in knowledge deep abiding,
Drinks in knowledge while she's dreaming
Of her home in Louisiana.

In her classes, Charlotte Marshall,
Can not be excelled in cramming,
She can cram a book an hour,
If the length of time demands it.

Minna Palfrey, versed in Latin,
 She who can at sight read Livy,
 Should be honored and respected
 For her rare unusual virtue.
 Maggie Patterson's hand-writing
 Is a thing to be abhorred,
 Neither she nor her instructors
 Ever quite make out her meaning.
 Through the practice halls of Potter,
 Through the chapel, through the campus
 Over river, hill and valley,
 May be heard a voice tremendous,
 Heard the voice of Louise Pickering.

Mary Lee Smith, plain, out-spoken,
 She who discards affectation,
 She who disbelieves in primping,
 Wishes only to look natural.
 Mrs. Steele wants a diploma,
 Wants it with a mighty yearning,
 Wants to have the alfix A. B.
 Written just beyond her name.

Bessie Taft longs for dominion,
 Wishes to rule all the Nations,
 Is the victim of ambition,
 Vain and Jaughty—proud ambition.
 Next is Ethel Tislington,
 She the great procrastinator,
 She who puts off for to-morrow
 All her duties of to-day.

Honor be to Mary Washburn,
 The great orator of Potter,
 Moving listeners to pity,
 Moving them to hate and laughter.

Thus it is that you can see them,
 See the class so full of promise,
 Which is envied by all others,
 For its talent, skill and knowledge,
 See this class of nineteen seven.

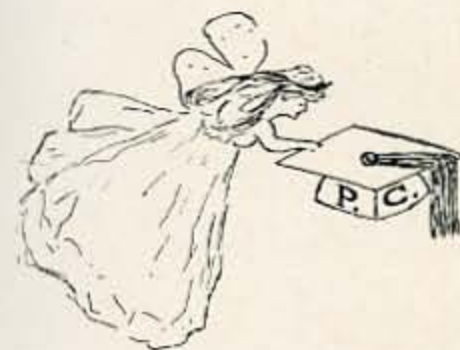


RUTH CHERRY LYNCH, Arkansas.
 Graduate in Expression.



CORNELIA E. PERRYMAN, Alabama,
 Graduate in Vocal Music.

"And now, fair ladies, one and all, adieu,
Goodluck, good husbands and good by to you."



JUNIOR CLASS.

MOTTO: Nothing less than the best.

COLORS: White and Green.

FLOWER: White Chrysanthemum.

ADVISERS:

MISS CABELL.

MISS WATSON

YELL:

What's our fate? What's our fate?

Potter! Potter!

Nineteen eight.

OFFICERS:

President—IDA MILLING.

Vice President—KATHERINE HARRIS COOVER.

Secretary and Treasurer—LILAH BUCKINGHAM MOORE.

MEMBERS:

KATHERINE HARRIS COOVER.

CLARA EPLER,

JESSIE MARION GARDNER,

IDA MILLING,

LILAH BUCKINGHAM MOORE,

WILLIE ETHEL MYERS,

INDIA STEVENS.



JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

My Dear Old Meg:

So you do think of us, of your old class, sometimes, don't you? Of course, I will write you about the class, but you must not expect to hear *all*, for I have only a nickle's worth of legnth to write this on.

The class is very much as it has always been, bubbling over with class spirit, enthusiastic about everything pertaining to, or in any way connected with "Naughty Eight."

You should have seen one of our members stand up for the class when "somebody" compared us to a freight train. After a few hot words on both sides, somebody "went her way, a sadder, but wiser woman." However, the "freight train" came in laden with good things.

You remember, Meg, that we were always known as having quality, not quantity. Well, it is still the quality; there are only seven of us. But such a seven! We are everything that could be desired. If you have any doubt at all concerning these statements, consult the faculty.

Meg, do you suppose that we ever, in any way, resembled the present Sophomore class? I sincerely hope not, for much a self-satisfied, think-I-know-it-all class, I have never seen. But if by any chance we were like them, we know now that we *do not* know it all; that, unless there is much long and hard study on our part, we will flunk, and that our instructors really know more than we. And, Meg, I am sure you will agree with us in this: We feel that we are most fortunate to arrive at these conclusions.

Meg, you should see the Seniors, the grave and dignified Seniors, rushing around, tearing their hair, plotting and hatching to make money enough to get out an annual. But if they keep on as they have begun, and if their enthusiasm does not lag, I think that they will get out a dandy annual.

But we intend to profit by the present seniors' experience. We have resolved that the senior class of nineteen hundred and eight, will begin work on the annual two days after arriving at Potter.

Meg, you remember the number of bells that used to ring on all occasions, don't you? Well, the gong is wildly pealing out the order, "lights out."

So, good-bye; let us hear from you soon.

As ever,

Fuzzy Wuzzy.

March 8, 1907.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

MOTTO: *Per aspera ad astra.*

COLORS: Red and White.

FLOWER: Carnation.

ADVISERS:

MRS. CABELL AND MRS. EASTLAND.

OFFICERS:

President—MAY HARRIS EASTLAND.

Vice President—CLARA MAI BACHMAN.

Secretary—NORAH SANDERS.

Treasurer—ELIZABETH GATLING.

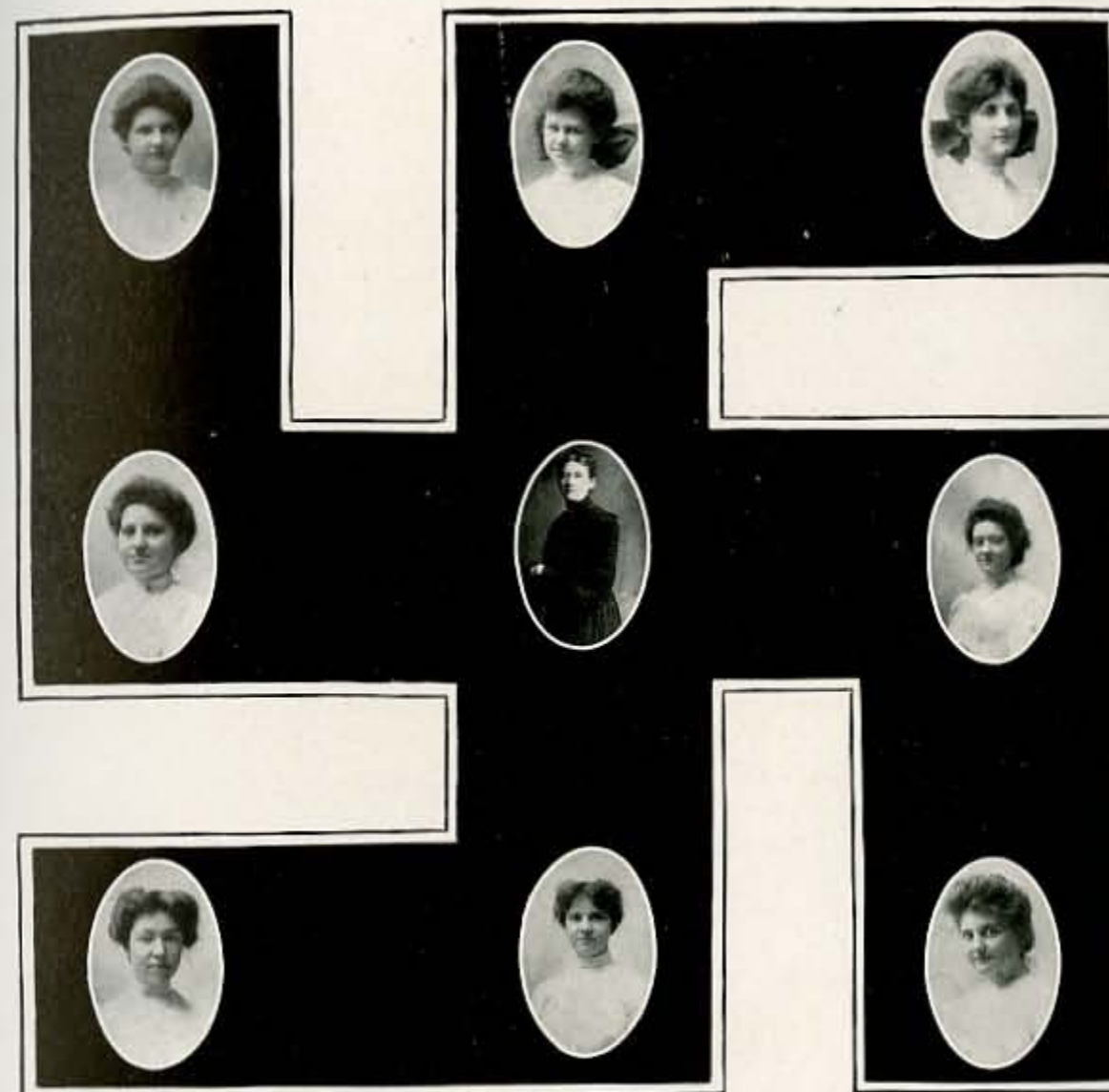
YELL:

Nineteen nine,
Feelin' fine,
We're the goods,
You to the woods,
Potter, Potter, Alma Mater,

Nineteen hundred and one, two, three, four, five, six, seven
eight, N-I-X-E.

MEMBERS:

CLARA MAI BACHMAN,
PAULINE BUCHANAN,
MAY HARRIS EASTLAND,
ELIZABETH GATLING,
MARGARET HOBSON,
ETHEL REDMOND,
NORAH SANDERS,
MARIE PARKMAN.



SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY



RIENDS, Juniors, Comrades, lend me your ears; I come to praise the Sophomores, not to disparage them.

To speak of each member of this most illustrious class would occupy too much space, although their many virtues and achievements in class work are worthy of special mention.

Our "Swastika Class," better known by the other classes as the "Naughty Nines" or as "Those who know not, and know not that they know not," has been on the alert and has led the entire college in class spirit by its prompt organization and by being the first to unfurl its crimson and white banner.

Only three of us are "originals," the other five being "charming additional constructions."

We are thinking seriously of undertaking ecclesiastical work as we have used our best mental efforts in memorizing lengthy passages from the Bible. We have gone into exile with Catiline and are now sharing the misfortunes of the Trojans. One of our members has attained such excellence in Geometry that she walks and talks with mathematical precision.

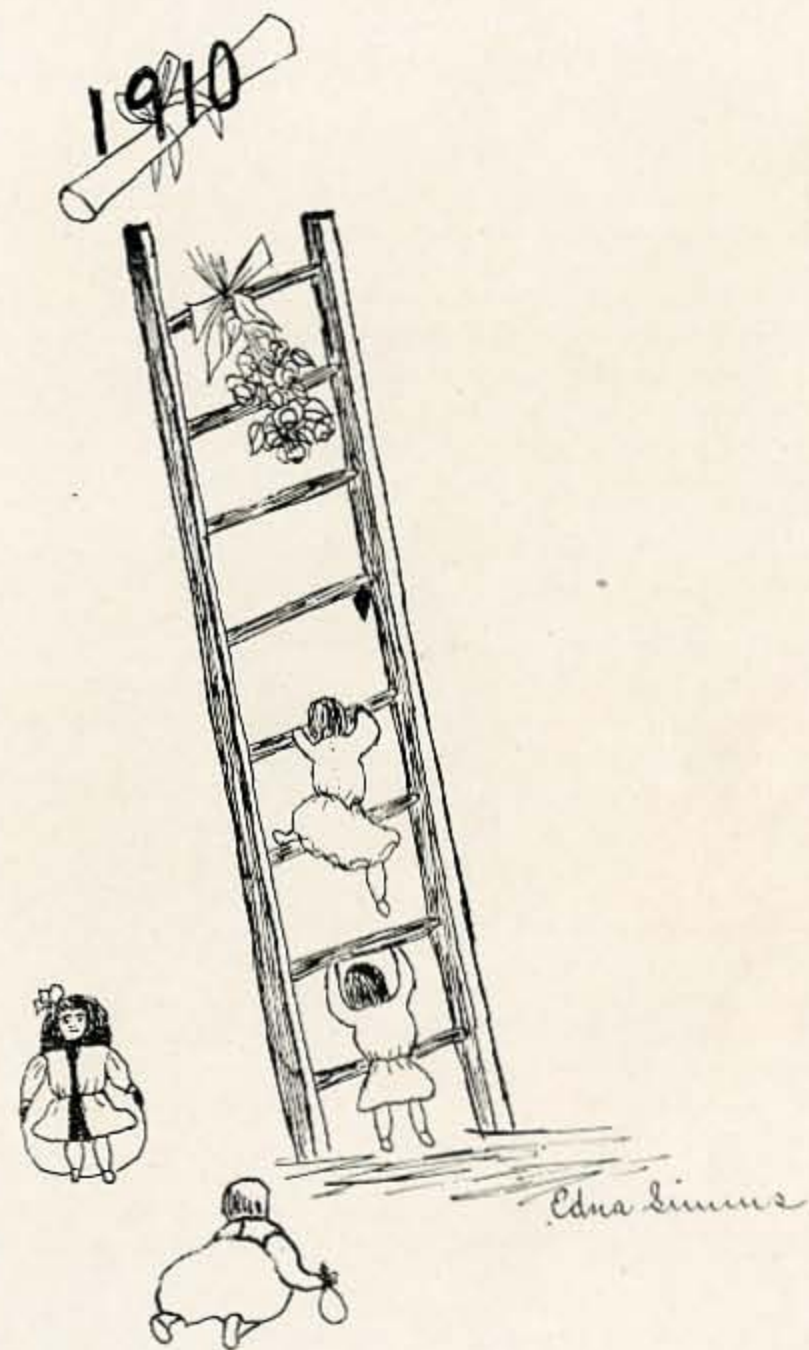
Encouraged by obstacles already overcome we will strive upward and onward, deeming no tasks too difficult for us to accomplish, no mysteries too deep for us to solve.

Holding the key of knowledge, we will unlock the store-house of nature and claim her rarest gems.

With "success" upon our banner we will mount the hill of excellence, following in the foot-steps of our beloved seniors, whose record shines as a beacon light to guide us to the haven where, with outstretched hands, we will receive our reward and hear the well-earned plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful Sophomores."

We know that it is the conscientious opinion of every class that it is the best in the history of the Alma Mater. So, lest our words be taken as mere idle boastings, we refrain from speaking further of our merits, knowing that time will prove all things.

M. E. E.



FRESHMAN CLASS.

MOTTO: "*Esse quam videri.*"

YELL:

Ip de mitigy ongy zoop,
We are the best of the P. C. troop,
Freshman, Freshman, Rip, Rah, Ray,
Give me the Freshman any old day.

COLORS: Purple and White.

FLOWER: Violet.

OFFICERS:

President—SARAH BOTTOM,

Vice President—BURRIS HAGAN,

Secretary and Treasurer—EDNA STIMMS.

MEMBERS

LUTIE AMOS,
SARAH BOTTOM,
BLANCHÉ CARR,
LUCILE CONE,
ALICE HAGAN,
BURRIS HAGAN,
ETHEL HUFFINES,
LENA LEWIS,

NEVA MCGREGOR,
MAHLE MERCER,
RETO POTTER,
EDNA STIMMS,
MARY SMITH,
MILORDE SMITH,
LOUISE WILSON.



FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY



RECORD of the class of '10 must necessarily be short, for it would be impossible to give the history of this great class in so small a space.

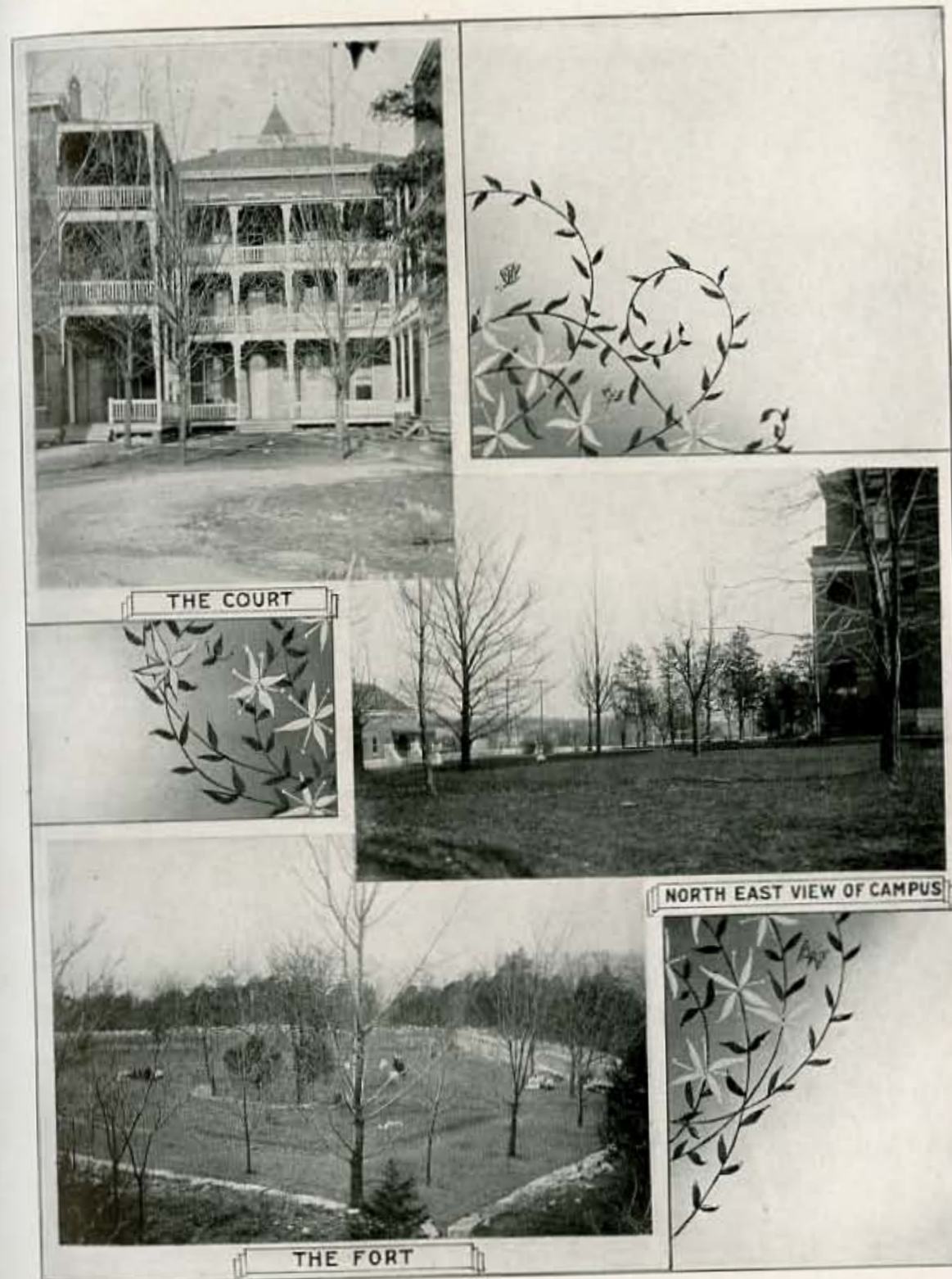
We do not intend to follow the example of some classes, and put all of our greatness in boasting, but it is our aim to let our deeds speak louder than our words.

When first we entered the doors of Potter, then our trials began—the honorable Seniors ignored us, the Juniors scorned us, and the Sophomores, forgetting that only a year ago they were in exactly the same position as we are now, almost despised us.

In looking back over the past year we see that we have learned much, and in recording the acts of this banner class my pen plays idly over the snowy page in the effort to draw from my store of adjectives those forcible enough to present the talent of our class in its own true greatness.

We cannot refrain from thinking that our achievements in this one year have been quite praiseworthy. We are gradually passing from ignorance to the sun-lighted hilltops of knowledge.

We ask our friends to watch us for the next three years, and they will find us at the last gladly shouting "Eureka" as we pass from the doors of our beloved Alma Mater into the great world to continue our researches in literature, science and art, never ceasing until we have found fame and fortune—then will we rest upon our laurels.



THE COURT

NORTH EAST VIEW OF CAMPUS

THE FORT

THE SPECIALS.

Rocher Clicker Boom
 Rocher Clicker Boom
 Rocher Clicker
 Rocher Clicker
 Boom, Boom, Boom
 Rip, Rah, Ree
 Rip, Rah, Ree
 Specials—Specials
 Don't you see?

MOTTO: "No art without work."

FLOWER: Violet.

COLORS: Violet and white.

OFFICERS

President—NORMA TUCKER.

Vice President—MAY EVA EDERINGTON.

Secretary—RUTH LYNCH.

Treasurer—CORNELIA PERRYMAN.

MEMBERS:

CORINNE BARR,
 CLETTINE BLAKE,
 JANIE COOVER,
 HAZEL CROSSON,
 MAY EVA EDERINGTON,
 MARIE CALDERAN,
 BETTIE GEORGE,
 MARY HUGHES,
 MABLE HAPFNER,
 MARY HALE,
 BESSIE HOWELL.

BERTRAM HOWSER,
 RUTH LYNCH,
 MYRTLE MAXWELL,
 SARAH MITCHELL,
 ELIZABETH MILN,
 CORNELIA PERRYMAN,
 FRANCES SHEDDEN,
 NORMA TUCKER,
 OLIDA WINDIES,
 SUSIE WILLIAMSON.



IRREGULARS

FLOWER: Marshal Niel Rose.

COLORS: Yellow and White.

MOTTO: "Too light for heavy work; too heavy for light work."

YELL:

Potter, Potter, Rip, Rah, Ree!

Irregulars, Irregulars you see!

Potter, Potter, Zippity, Zippity Zee!

We're as happy, as happy as can be!

OFFICERS:

LULA MILLER, President.
PATSY SHOBE, Vice President.
MARIE HOGAN, Secretary.
CALLIE V. SHARP, Treasurer.
MISS SPORER, Adviser.

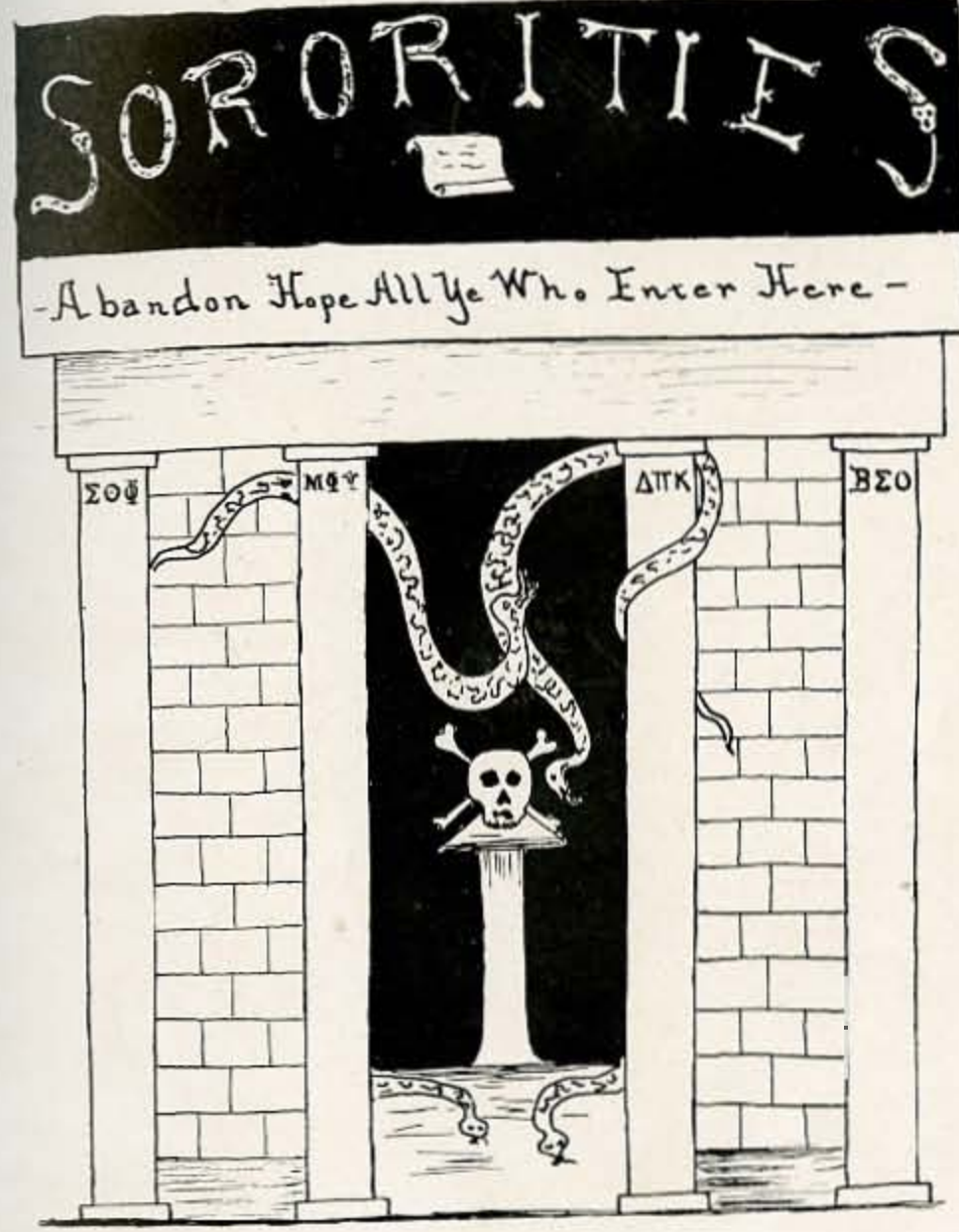


MEMBERS:

FRANCIS BRIGHT,
HELEN BRYAN,
ELIZABETH DUNCAN,
MARIE HOGAN,
BLANCHE MAXWELL,

ANNIE MAI MCKEE,
LULA MILLER,
JULIETTE RUGGLES,
WILLIE MAI RUSSELL,
CALLIE V. SHARP,

PATSY SHOBE,
ANNIE SPALDING,
EFFIE WILLIS,
BESSIE WILSON,
INA WALKER.



SIGMA THETA PHI

FOUNDED 1905

COLORS: White and Gold.
FLOWER: White Carnation.

MEMBERS:

HAZEL CROSSON, Ohio.
MAY EVA PIERINGTON, Arkansas.
MARIE HOGAN, Texas.
LAUREL BERTRAM HOWSER, Illinois.
RETH COFFERY LYNCH, Arkansas.
MABEL LYNCH, Arkansas.
BLANCHE VIRGINIA MAXWELL, Virginia.
LOUISE MOORE, Kentucky.
NORA SANDERS, Mississippi.
ELIZABETH AVERY TAFT, Texas.
ETHEL BLIGH TISSINGTON, Louisiana.
NORMA TUCKER, Arkansas.





BETA CHAPTER OF MU PHI PSI SORORITY

BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY

COLORS: Red and Gray.
FLOWER: American Beauty.

ROLL OF 1906-07.

CLIFFORD BLAKE, Texas.
ELIZABETH GATLING, Arkansas.
MARTIN GALEBRAN, Mississippi.
MARY HUGHES, Kentucky.
MAY JARBER EASTLAND, Mississippi.
PAULINE BUCHANAN, Louisiana.
ETHEL REDMOND, Louisiana.
LEAH MOORE, Louisiana.

Alpha Chapter at Fairmont Seminary, Washington, D. C.





DELTA PI KAPPA SORORITY

FOUNDED JANUARY, 1906

POTTER COLLEGE

COLORS: White and Green.

FLOWER: White Rose.

MEMBERS:

LUTIE AMOS, Kentucky.
SARAH BOTTOM, Kentucky.
LYDA BUNKER, Arkansas.
CLARA MAE BACHMAN, Kentucky.
KATE COOVER, Tennessee.
JANE COOVER, Tennessee.
JESSIE GARDNER, Texas.
LULA MILLER, Kentucky.
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LOUISE PICKERING, Tennessee.
JULIET RUGGLES, Wisconsin.
CALLIE V. SHARP, Tennessee.
FRANCES SHEDDEN, Arkansas.
OUIDA WINDES, Texas.
SUSIE WILLIAMSON, Tennessee.





BETA SIGMA OMICRON.

Founded December 12, 1888, Columbia, Mo.

CHAPTER ROLL.

ALPHA	Columbia, Missouri, 1894.
BETA	Fulton, Missouri.
GAMMA	Marshall, Missouri.
DELTA	Sedalia, Missouri.
EPSILON	Mexico, Missouri.
ZETA ALUMNAE	Pueblo, Colorado.
ETA	Columbia, Missouri.
THETA	Nashville, Tennessee.
IOTA	Staunton, Virginia, 1906.
KAPPA	Washington, D. C.
LAMBDA	Lexington, Ky.
ZETA	Bowling Green, Ky.

Colors: Ruby and Pink.

Flower: Red Carnation.

ROLL OF ZETA CHAPTER, 1906-'07.

HELEN BRYAN, Indiana.	MINNA GAYLE PALFREY, Louisiana.
WILLIE KIRK FOSTER, Louisiana.	MARGIE PARKMAN, Arkansas.
IDA MULLING, Louisiana.	PATSY STONE, Kentucky.
ELIZABETH HAYES MIX, Louisiana.	EDNA SIMMS, Mississippi.
NEVA MCGREGOR, Arkansas.	BERNICE RENWICK, Louisiana.

SOROR IN FACULTATE.

ERNA LITTLEBERRY WATSON—Beta.





LECTURES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

1906

SEPTEMBER—Teachers' Recital, College Chapel; Lecture: Mr. Wing, agricultural experimentalist, College Chapel; Lecture: "Stonewall Jackson," Col. Edgar, Vannmeter Hall.

OCTOBER—Lecture: Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, Opera House; Informal Talk and Reading from Shakespeare: Chas. B. Hamford, College Chapel; Julius Caesar: Chas. B. Hamford, Opera House; Teachers' Recital, Music Club; Lecture: Hon. John Sharpe Williams, Opera House; Lecture: Vice-President Fairbanks, Opera House.

DECEMBER—Oratorio, "Holy City," Presbyterian Church; Pupils' Recital, College Chapel; Art Exhibit, Art Studio.

1907

JANUARY—Parade, Opera House.

MARCH—Lecture: Senator La Follette, Opera House; Address to Y. W. C. A.: Dr. Riess, College Chapel; Pupils' Recital, College Chapel; Louisville Exposition: Florence Davis in "Player Maid," Opera House; Olga Nethersole, Macaulay's, Louisville, Ky.

APRIL—Concert: Creatore and his Band, Opera House; May-Manning, Mary Anderson Theatre, Louisville; Blanche Bates, Macaulay's, Louisville; Mammoth Cave Excursion; Opie Reed, Vannmeter Hall; Pupils' Recital, College Chapel.

MAY—Graduates' Recital: Ruth Lynch, Expression; Cornelia Perryman, Voice; Children's Recital; Senior Class Day Exercises; Baccalaureate Sermon: Rev. J. W. Stagg, Birmingham; Y. W. C. A. Farewell Service; Art Exhibit; Grand Concert: Address to Graduating Class: Rev. E. W. Smith, Louisville, Ky.

Organizations

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HOWSER, BERTRAM,
HUFFINE, INEZ,
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LEWIS, LENA,
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LYNCH, MARY,
LARMON, MARY.

MAXWELL, BLANCHIE,
MAXWELL, MYRTLE,
MARSHALL, CHARLOTTE,
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MCGREGOR, ANNIE MAE,
MILLING, IDA,
MILLER, LULA,
MILLER, MARGARET,
MIX, ELIZABETH,
MOORE, LOUISE,
MOORE, LULA,
PERRYMAN, CORNELIA,
PICKERING, LOUISE,
PALFREY, MINNA,
PARKMAN, MARIE,
ROGGELES, JULIETTE,
RICHMOND, EDITH,
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SHARP, CALLIE V.,
SHOPE, PATSY,
SHOUDAN, FRANCES,
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STEVENS, EDNA,
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WILSON, BESSIE,
WILLIAMSON, SUSIE,
WINDERS, OCELA.

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OCELA WINDERS,
INA WALKER.

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ETHEL WELLS,
INDIA STEVENS,
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LARA MILLER,
LARA MOORE,
LOUISE MOORE,
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NORMA TUCKER,
RUTH LYNCH,
SARA SIMMONS,
WILLIE MYERS.

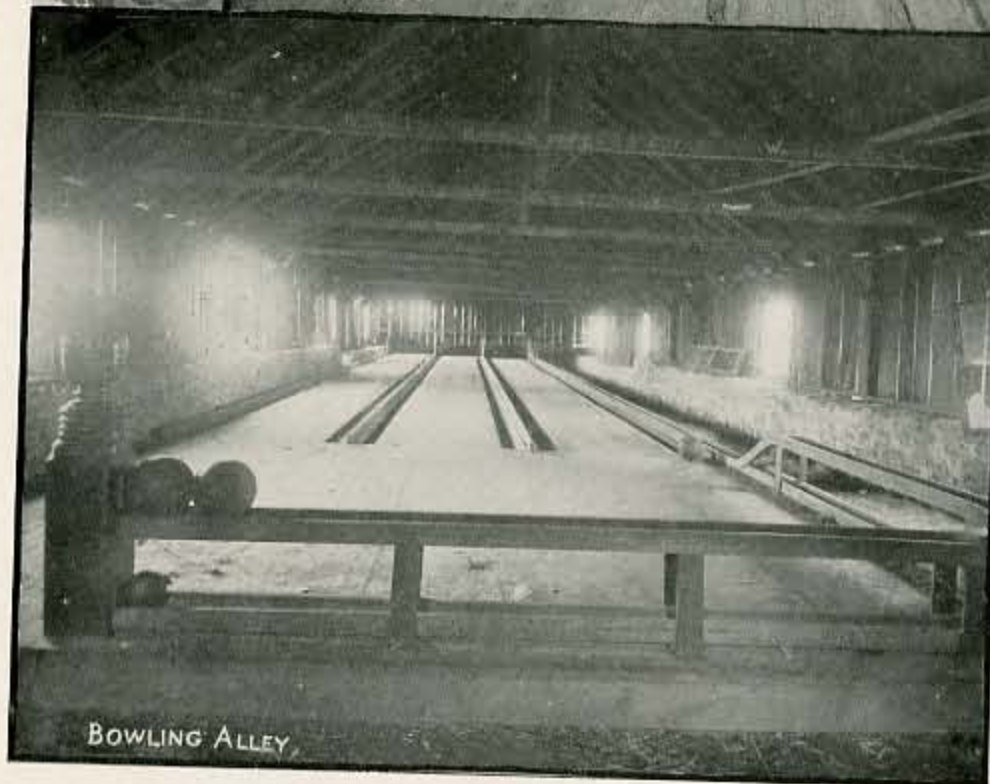
PROGRAM COMMITTEE:

CALLIE V. SHARP,
MAY EVA EDINGTON,
WILLIE MYERS.





GYMNASIUM



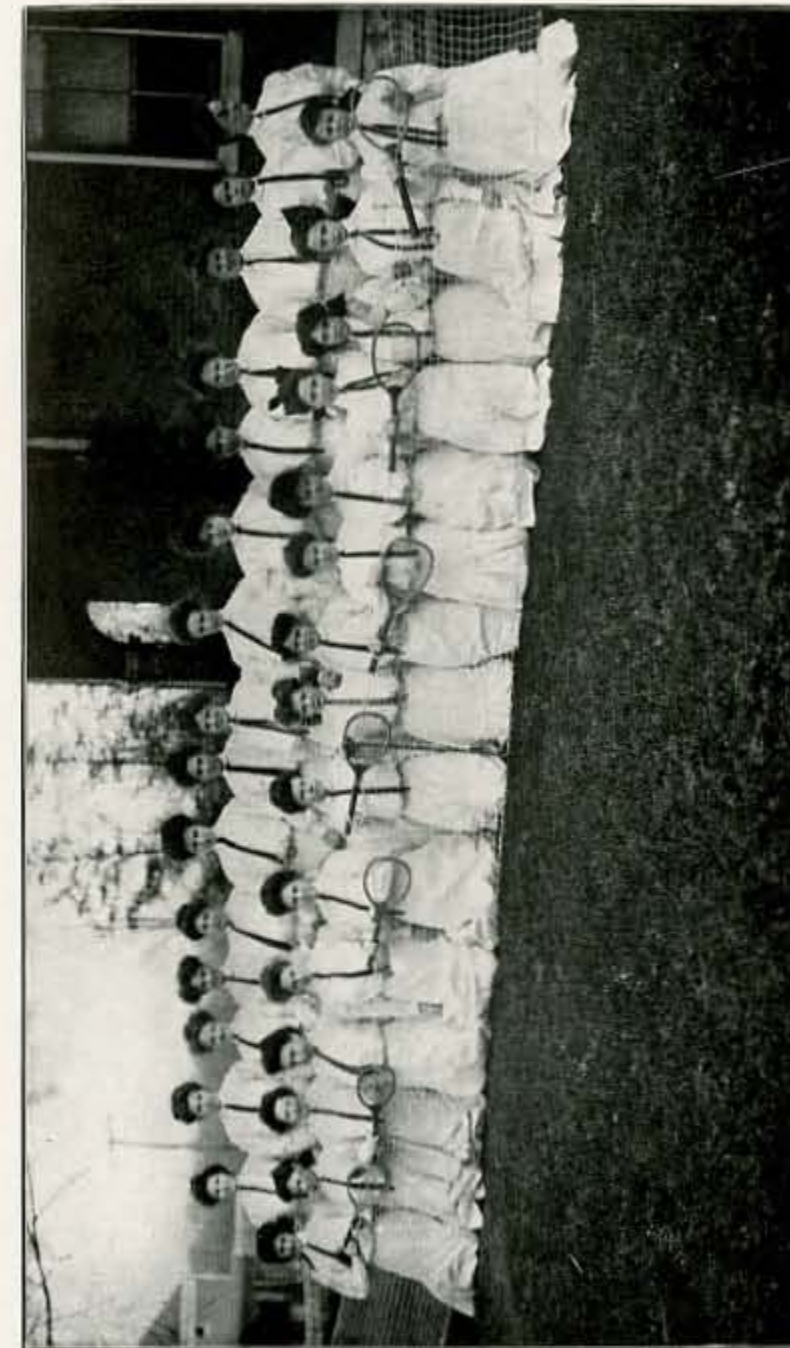
BOWLING ALLEY



TENNIS CLUB

LEYDE AMOS,
 PATRICE BUCHANAN,
 HELEN BRYAN,
 SARAH BOYD,
 CLARA MAE BACHMAN,
 LENA BUCKNER,
 CLIFFINE BLAKE,
 KATE COOPER,
 GERSTIE CAMERON,
 MAY K. BURLINGTON,
 MAY CARROLL EASTLAND,
 ELIZABETH GATLING,
 MARIE GILCHRIST,
 BERTHA HOSKIN,
 ELIZABETH HANCOCK,
 MARY HAY,
 MABEL HOFFNER,
 MARIE HOWAN,
 MARY HUGHES,
 LENA LEECH,

BETTE LYNCH,
 LOUISE MOORE,
 IMA MILLING,
 LULA MULLER,
 ELIZABETH MIX,
 CHARLOTTE MARSHALL,
 VIRGINIA MAXWELL,
 MINNA PALFREY,
 MARIE PARKMAN,
 ANNIE SHAWLDRINE,
 NORMA SANDERS,
 EDNA SIMMS,
 BESSIE TAYLOR,
 ETHEL TISSINGTON,
 NORMA TUCKER,
 BESSIE WILSON,
 LEO ARNOLD,
 MARY WASHBURN,
 FRANKS SHERIDAN.



BASKET BALL

SUNNY JIMMIES

MOTTO: Force.
COLORS: Black and Blue.

YELL.

Rickety, Rickety, Rickety Run!
Sunny, Sunny, Sunny Run!
We are the girls, we are girls
That always win, win, win!

MEMBERS.

LUTIE AMOS, Forward,
CHARLOTTE MARSHALL,
MARIA HADKRESS, Guard,
SARAH BROWN,
KATE COOPER, Captain.

MOHAWKS.

MOTTO: Victory.
COLORS: Red and White.

YELL.

Nokee, Nokee, Nokee, He,
Mohawk, Mohawk, ip-te-e,
Mohawk's alright, Mohawk's the one,
Beat the others, beat the others,
Oh! What fun.

MEMBERS.

BESSIE WILSON, Forward,
LOUIE MOORE,
EDNA STIMS, Guard,
MYRTLE MAXWELL,
ETHEL TASSINGTON, Captain.

SUBSTITUTES.

INA WALKER,
MARJORIE MILLER.

GO-CATCHER

MOTTO: Get There.
COLORS: Blue and Crimson.

YELL.

We go-catcher girls are up to date,
Hi, skunkin', all by fate,
Whoa whacety, allegy, leven,
We are the team of 1907.

MEMBERS.

CLARA EPLER, Forward,
MARY WASHBURN,
MARIE HOGAN, Guard,
BURNIS HOGAN,
BLANCH MAXWELL, Captain.

BULL DOGS

MOTTO: Never Let Go.
COLORS: Blue and White.

YELL.

Hunah, Hunah, who are we?
We are the team of M. E. E.,
We are strong, bold and brave,
And we always do behave.

MEMBERS.

MARY HALE, Forward,
CORNELIA PERRYMAN,
NORMA TUCKER, Guard,
MAUR LYNCH,
MAY EVA ELDRINGTON, Captain.

SUBSTITUTES.

ELIZABETH HANCOCK,
MARY LARMON.



BOWLING CLUB.

LOUISE MOORE,
MARIA HARKNESS,
ELIZABETH MIX,
IDA MILLING,
INEZ HUFFINES,
LULA MOLLER,
NORMA TUCKER,
JESSIE GARDNER,
MINNA PALFREY,
LYDA BUNKER,
MARY WASHINGTON,
BESSIE TAFT,
MARIE HOGAN,
MARY JARMON,
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LENA LEWIS,
VIRGINIA MAXWELL,
ANNA MAI MCKEE,
OUIDA WINDES,
BERTRAM HOWSIE,
HELEN BRYAN,
GERSTER CAMAK,
MARY HALE.

Klubs

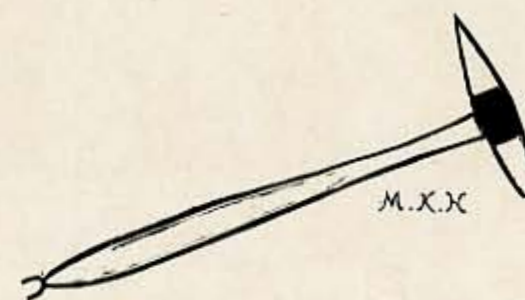


GLEE CLUB.

MOTTO: Never let the clouds outdo us in volume.
 AIM: To make night hideous.

MEMBERS:

PAULINE BUCHANAN,
 LYDA BUNKER,
 CHRISTIE CAMAK,
 NELLIE COLE,
 KATE COOVER,
 MAY EVA EDERINGTON,
 WILLIE FOSTER,
 MABLE HAFNER,
 ANNIE MAI MCKEE,
 ELIZABETH MIX,
 CORNELIA PERRYMAN,
 LOUISE PICKERING,
 CALLE V. SHARP,
 MISS SANFORD,
 NORMA TUCKER,
 MISS WYLIE.



KNOCKERS' CLUB.

COLOR: Blood Red.
 FLOWER: Bloodroot.
 AIM: To knock everybody, especially each other.

MEMBERS:

LOTIE AMOS,
 MAY EVA EDERINGTON,
 MARIE GALCERAN,
 MABEL LYNCH,
 LILAH MOORE,
 EDNA SIMMS,
 ETHEL TISSINGTON.



Edna Simms.

SHORT PETTICOAT BRIGADE.

FLOWER: Maiden's Blush.

COLOR: Pink.

AIM: To wear long dresses and be young ladies.

TIME: Any old time.

PLACE OF MEETING.

Stone Post Office, on the campus.

MEMBERS:

ELIZABETH HANCOCK,
MARIA HARKNESS,
INEE HUFFING,
MARY LARMON,
MARJORIE MILLER,
LOUISE MOORE.



SKIDOO CLUB.

Founded January 19, 1907.
In Room 32, Potter College.

FLOWER: Butter and Eggs.

COLORS: Orange and Lemon.

AIM: To have a midnight feast.

KATE COOVER	Chief Cooks.
ETHEL TISSINGTON	
BLANCHE MAXWELL	
MARIE CALCHIRAN	Bread Cutters.
MARIE PARKMAN	
LYDA BUNKER	
INDIA STEVENS	Sandwich Spreaders.
MARIE HAFNER	
LILAH MOORE	
BES. STAFF	Cup Openers.
ELIZABETH CATLING	
LULA MILLER	
CORNELIA PERRYMAN	Alarm Clock Keepers.
MAY EVA EDERINGTON	
PAULINE BECHANAN	
MABEL LYNCH	Candle Lighters.
NORA SANDERS	
MAY EABERLE EASTLAND	
CLIFTINE BLAKE	Candle Bearers.
CALLIE V. SHARP	
EDNA SIMMS	
LITTLE AMOS	
PATSY SUOBE	

GUESTS OF HONOR (?)

MRS. HERRING,

MISS TORRANCE.



Domestic Science in Peter.

"We may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books
But civilized men cannot live without cooks."

L'AGNIAPPE

MY STARS! GEE WHIZ!!

A young lady in attendance at a boarding school,
Who was billed to blossom shortly as a debutante,
With confidence had written for a thousand cool,
To be squandered on a European jaunt.
But dear Papa felt he hadn't any cash to spare;
His answer was distressing to the maiden fair;
And she cried in consternation, when she failed to get her check,
My stars! Gee Whiz!! I got it in the Neck!!!

CHORUS.

Farewell, forever, Castle in Spain,
Hope disappointed comes not again;
All gone glimmering up in smoke,
Like a bubble shimmering ere it broke;
Not a vestige left behind, all a total wreck,
My stars! Gee Whiz!! I got it in the Neck!!!

A young man of idle habits was often heard to say,
That an impecunious woman should ne'er become his wife,
And, at great expense, to social realms at last he forced his way,
Oh! one joyous dissipation was his life.
So he laid his plans to catch a girl—a multi-millionaire,
And played the role of Romeo with greatest care,
But his trouble was for nothing, and the scheme a total wreck,
My stars! Gee Whiz!! He got it in the Neck!!!

CHORUS.

Farewell, forever, Castle in Spain,
Hope disappointed comes not again;
All gone glimmering up in smoke,
Like a bubble shimmering ere it broke;
Not a vestige left behind, all a total wreck,
My stars! Gee Whiz!! I got it in the Neck!!!

Once a skilful politician, out for all in sight,
Was debating with which party it were best to be;
After summing up the chances he went into the fight,
And awaited the returns most anxiously.
Oh, that knowing politician found he'd made a little slip,
Up Salt River with the vanquished he took a little trip,
And he meditated sadly, standing on the steamer deck,
My stars! Gee Whiz!! I got it in the Neck!!!

A mosquito, lean and hungry, from the Jersey coast,
About twilight was reposing in a lonely room,
When a girl of fair complexion, such as few can boast,
Sauntered in upon his weary, dreary gloom.
Sir mosquito then soliloquized, "So, ho! Here's something fine,"
Alighting on her cheek, began in glee to dine,
But how little of his future did that poor mosquito reckon,
My stars! Gee Whiz!! He got it in the Neck!!!

AUNT HANNAH'S EXPERIENCE

MAGGIE D. PATTERSON.

THE negroes of the small town of C—— were debating whether they should have a tent meeting or a meeting in the church. Aunt Hannah, the wife of Dave Johnson, got up and said:

"I haint in fo' no tent meetin'. De Lawd don't 'prove of 'em no how, ez yer can see from what I'm gwine ter tell yon. Eber nigger heah knows I'se as good a nigger ez yer'll find in dis town."

"De las' tent meetin' we done had I member my 'sperience. Wall, de preacher he comes ter me alter meetin' one night an' he says: 'Sister Hannah, I 'lowe I'll come an' take suppah wid yer to-morrow night and stay all night.' I didn't have no suppah, but I couldn't say nothin' agin his comin', so I went home an' I says ter Dave, 'Dave, we ain't got nothin' fer suppah to-morrow, an' de preacher he 'lowed he's gwine ter take suppah an' spend de night here. What we gwine ter do?'

"Dave said he didn't know. I says, 'Yer trillin' nigger, yer don't know nothin'. Bring dat light, nigger. I'se got ter have er chicken. Marse John, he's got plenty er chickens, an' he'll nevah miss one.'

"Well, ter make a long story short, I got dat chicken, if Dave did fuss all de time. I tol' him it wa'nt no halum fu' Marse John tol' me I could have all de leavings an' dey wa'nt no difference in takin' er whole chicken an' takin' one piecemeal in two or three days offen his table.

"Wall, dat kinder throwed a different light on it, an' Dave he didn't say no more agin' takin' de chicken.

"De nex' night after suppah me and Dave and de preacher went ter church. I shouted an' tol' how de Lawd had blessed me an' I was feelin' mighty happy when in de midst of de meetin' de rope dat held de tent broke, an' kerflop it comes down an' out goes de lights mi' sech er screechin' an' er yellin' yeruehber heard; an' den some niggers got ter fightin' in de dark.

"Soon as I saw dat tent er fallin' on top o' me I thought er dat chicken, an' I thought de Lawd done struck me dead fer dat. I jes' throwed up my hands an' holler'd 'Judgment Day an' come an' dis poor nigger ain't ready yet.' I uebber did know how I got out ob dere, but I jes' tel yer, I take dat as er warnin'. No salt I ain't gwine ter tempt Providence no mo' by gwine ter no tent meetin'. Case de next time de Lawd ain't gwine ter do no skeerin'. He's just gwine ter kill me sho nuff."

WANTED

By FACULTY AND STUDENTS.

- By CLARA MAY BACHMAN:
More literary matter from S. P. U.
- By THE GIRLS:
Admission to the teachers' restaurant.
- By ETHEL TISSINGTON:
More novels to read.
- By CLARA EPLER:
Some one to argue with.
- By MISS ANDERSON:
A Junior Geography Class.
- By MISS PATTERSON:
A Chemistry Class.
- By MRS. HERRING:
Subscribers for the National Daily.
- By OUIDA WINDISE:
Some long sleeved waists.
- By MESDAMES BUCHANAN AND EASTLAND:
A moving picture show.
- By THE GIRLS:
A nursery for the "short petticoat brigade."
- By FRANCES BRITTE:
To wear her three carat diamond.
- By THE SENIORS:
Their privileges before the 22nd of May.
- By THE SOPHOMORES:
A freight train for the juniors.
- By ELIZABETH MIX:
More time to dress for breakfast.
- By MINNA PALFREY:
More ads for the Annual.
- By RUTH LYNCH:
To learn more Chaucer.
- By MRS. HERRING:
A larger spoon and more medicine.
- By MISS TORRANCE:
Girls who think more and say less.
- By DR. CABELL:
More visitors to White Hall.
- To KNOW MY SHORT PETTICOAT BRIGADE:
Who is the "long petticoat brigade?"
- By MISS ANDERSON:
A larger syrup pitcher.

HOW THE FRESHMEN SEE IT.

We've just been given the Seniors' advice
As to what the Freshmen should do.
Now we want to ask a question:
Why didn't they do that too?

It seems to us from our point of view,
That before they begin to teach,
The Seniors should make some new resolves.
And practice what they preach.

Of course out of due regard for them,
Their standard ours should be,
But, oh, what angelic Freshmen,
Would go out from old P. C.

LENA LEWIS.

THE WOES OF THE FRESHMEN.

We are the Freshmen of P. P. C.,
Some say the greenest they ever did see,
And though we are fussed at from morning till night,
In my opinion the class is all right.

The Senior now so wondrous wise,
Tries us poor Freshmen to advise
The Junior in her proud career,
Looks on the Freshmen with a sneer.

The Sophomore feels in duty bound
To give the poor young Fresh a pound;
Irregulars and Specials, too,
Do all they can to make us blue.

And then the faculty seems to find
All mischief hatched in a Freshman's mind;
But though we have an awful rep,
We thank our stars we're not a prep.

LENA LEWIS.

FAVORITE SAYINGS.

- MRS. CABELL—"Now, are you quite sure that is the idea your author meant to convey?"
- PROFESSOR—"Come on, girls, and see my new house."
- MAY BARBER—"Angel love."
- PAULINE—"Oh, sure 'nough, and who said so?"
- MAMA—"Oh father, help that child."
- MISS WYLER—"What is it?"
- MAY EVA—"Girls!"
- MISS BETTIE—"Close your books, please."
- MISS ANDERSON—"What did Dowden say about that?"
- RUTH—"Now isn't that good looking?"
- BLANCHE—"Any thing to vary the monotony."
- WILLIE—"That is perfectly killing."
- CLARA EHLER—"Yes Marm."
- MISS TIPPLE—"I'm awfully sorry."
- MISS SANFORD—"Please don't disturb."
- PROFESSOR—"Girls, be true."
- ELIZABETH MIX—"Oh, I'm nearly dead."
- LOUISE MOORE—"Waren't that awful?"
- MRS. HERRING—"Girls, it grieves me so."
- IDA MULLING—"It is perfectly awful."
- GERSTER—"Well, I hope so."
- KATE—"So?"
- MINNA—"I am perfectly furious."
- CHARLOTTE—"Gee Whiz."
- MISS TORRANCE—"Don't ———."
- LEAH—"Well, thank you just the same."
- MISS WATSON—"Let me tell you something."
- STUDENT BODY—"Is the water hot?"

A VIEW OF THE CHEMISTRY CLASS

ONE morning, early in the Spring, I peeped into the Sophomore chemistry class room. I decided, at once, that it was a class worth looking at, so I settled myself for some fun.

There were many girls in the class, and strange (?) as it may seem, they were all talking at once.

One girl in a very distressed voice was asking, "Oh, where is the lesson? Which question will I get?"

Another glanced hurriedly over a page or so, then said "Oh, Miss Bettie, let me tell you how to make carbon dioxide." As "Miss Bettie" paid no attention to her she turned to her neighbor, picked up her fountain pen, wrote a name or so, then, suddenly, as if struck by a bright thought, said in an undertone, "Bel, let's write a letter to my brother. Come on, I will start. Here, Mary, you next. What did you write? That is good. Here, Minna, come on, do write a nice little note. It's your turn now, Sarah. Now then, I will close it." Just then another girl came up. "What are you all doing? Let me write some too; I shall put 'hello, kid'. He'll never know who —"

At this point my attention was attracted by two girls in the back of the room, who seemed to be having a fight.

Just as I had decided who would get the worst of it, one of the girls turned to the teacher, and, in any thing but a soft voice, exclaimed. "Miss Bettie, make Ethel give me my bottle of camphor. Miss Bettie, I made it all by myself, and Ethel has taken it away. Make her give it to me."

"Miss Bettie, I didn't. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you know —"

Here "Miss Bettie" interrupted them. "Ethel, be quiet. Amelia, take your seat."

Amelia marched over to her seat, picked up her history and began to study. Ethel sauntered over to where the experiments were being performed, watched the girl who was assisting the teacher, then began "Now, Miss Bettie, look—just look at her! She doesn't know what she is



THE BELLS

(With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe)

I.

Hear the ringing of the bells—
Rising bells!
What a world of hurrying their hateful sound foretells;
In the icy air of morn, how we shiver all forlorn,
As we listen to their dreary murmurings,
And every sound that floats from a hundred sleepy throats,
Is a groan.
Then 'tis Horrynall alone, when the night has scarcely dawn,
Rolls a pean from the bells,
And he dances and he yells,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a queer, Satanic rhyme,
To the pean of the bells,
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,
To the jangling and the wrangling of the bells.

2.

Hear the loud alarm bells—
Snarly bells!
What a tale of labor now their racketry tells;
On the startled ear they fall, as we race along the mill,
Too much horrified to speak, we can only shriek, shriek,
Out of time,
In a clamorous appealing for mercy, when we're late,
In a mad exultation against relentless fate,
Yelling wait, wait, wait.
What a noise we do create,
As we make the vain endeavor,
Racing madly, wildly ever,
Every girl is crying a sa lion.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair.

3

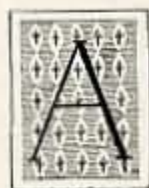
Hear the mellow dinner bells—
Welcome bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells;
How their welcome tones melt,
How they ring out their delight;
In their quick succeeding notes,
What a liquid diet floats!
Of the dinner how it tells,
Oh, the hunger that impels,
Hear the singing and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells.

4.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Light bells!
What a world of sleep and rest their mummy humbels
In the silence of the night.
Then we turn out every light
At the melancholy menace of their tone.
In our dreams we're keeping time,
In a sort of sleepy rhyme,
To the bawling of the bells,
All alone,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of sleepy rhyme,
To the clamor of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the clangor of the bells,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of sleepy rhyme,
To the clanging of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the twinging of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
To the everlasting ringing of the bells.

C. T. M. P. & Co

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE



THE best the house was tall, dark and forbidding in appearance as it sat far back in the yard surrounded by untrimmed hedges and rose-bushes, but now it seemed more sombre than ever.

Dark, dreary shadows clung to the vine-covered walls and the March winds caused a continual rattling of window panes.

Coming up the narrow walk was a man, just discernible in the darkness of the night. He stopped at the little iron gate and, looking about him, cautiously opened it. His footsteps were plainly audible as he went swiftly up the walk, for it was nearing morning and, save for the rattling of the windows, all was still. Nervously he opened the massive front door and shut it quickly behind him, all the while pressing his hand against something hard in his hip pocket.

Going straight to his office he locked his self in, *thinking* that at last he was safe. He sat down in a chair and dropped his tired head on the desk for a few minutes, then suddenly sitting erect he drew from his pocket a little package carefully wrapped and tied, which he began to unfasten. Then with his long, white fingers he drew forth several objects and lay them before him on the desk. Any on-looker would have been almost blinded by this sight, for there lay within reach thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds—yes, *diamonds*—sparkling and glittering in the dim light and sending forth myriads of dazzling sparks.

The man leaned back in his chair with a smile of contentment on his thin lips and feasted his eyes on the brilliancy and splendor of those gems.

For years, John Reanes, leading jeweler in one of America's largest cities, had striven to obtain this valuable set of diamonds, and he was not alone in trying to obtain it, for jewelers all over the world had worked for it, but in vain.

And now, by a last great effort, this man had procured them, but for how long he wondered? Would someone try to rob him? How could he keep these glittering things in his possession?

Although in a high state of excitement, still he realized he was almost sick for want of sleep and rest but how could he sleep when he had these gems in his possession—here in his own house?

Suddenly as these thoughts were passing rapidly through his mind he heard a slight *running* behind him. With terror thrilling his whole frame he wheeled about in the direction of the noise and, standing erect, looked straight into an unblinking face.

Yes, he could not be mistaken. There it was in bold relief against the dark wall, looking straight at him and not moving an inch. With a deep groan the poor man dropped again into the chair, his eyes riveted to that pale face, his whole frame shaking fearfully, his eyes glassy, and great drops of sweat standing on his pallid face. How long *would* this last?—must he lose these priceless gems?—would he be murdered here in his *own* house? Then, as if dreaming, he saw two scrawny hands raised high over the deadly face as if ready to strike—yes, to deal the fatal blow. Only a few more moments he thought, in an agony of despair. Then suddenly, when he felt he could endure the suspense no longer, there came a great crash; then all was still.

How suddenly some are called to meet their master! How quickly, just when life begins to seem worth while, are they snatched away by merciless death!

Was this poor ambitious man dead?

No! Perhaps the reader will be surprised when he learns that John Reanes heard only the *running* of the office clock and that the *crash* was merely the stroke of one.

INDIA STRVENS.



SENSE AND NONSENSE

Teacher (in spelling)—"Spell cuckoo."

Willia—"C-o-o c-o-o."

* * *

Hannibal was the abiter of the kingdom.

Elhel's version of it: Hannibal was a biter of the kingdom.

* * *

In junior literature.

Miss Anderson—"Jessie, what is the definition of bachelor?"

Jessie—"A candidate for matrimony."

* * *

Marjorie (in class)—"Miss Bettie, isn't there some kind of butter called old marine butter?"

Miss Bettie—"No, but there is old Marjorine butter."

* * *

Miss Torrance (in Bible)—"How does Stalker know all this about Paul?"

Bessie—"Why, Stalker was with Paul."

* * *

Miss Bettie describing her trip to Paris, France.

Mabl—"Miss Bettie, have you ever been to Europe?"

* * *

Willia (telling Elizabeth a story)—"She lived in a nunnery, and he lived in a monkery."

* * *

Miss Torrance in Bible—"What are the Epistles?"

Girl—"Wives of the Apostles."

FARE-THEE-WELL.

(Apologies to Byron.)

Fare thee well, my Alma Mater,
Yea, forever, fare thee well;
Even though I come back never,
Still my love for thee I'll tell.

Would that I could stay here with thee,
Where my hopes have fondly lain,
While that sense of love entralls me,
Which I ne'er can know again.

Though the world for knowledge praise me,
Though it wreathes my brow with fame,
Still its praises will not please me
As does now your dear old name.

All my hopes, perchance, thou knowest,
But my love thou canst not know;
And my heart, wherever thou goest
Whither yet with thee 'I'll go.

Yet, oh yet, I pray thee grieve not;
Love may fade by slow decay,
But so suddenly believe not
Can my heart be torn away.

THE FEAST

I.

"'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange, 'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful."

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are 'It might have been!'"

How much is hidden in these few words! How many disappointments and heart-breakings lie concealed in their depths! Very few poor mortals in this world of sorrow can fully comprehend the true meaning of these four words, but it is so impressed upon these few and so burned upon their very hearts that it will stay with them until they pass into the great beyond.

Among the few who can truthfully say they comprehend the full meaning of these sad words are a certain "twenty-three" girls of my acquaintance. Yes, girls—twenty-three girls who seem so young and so innocent to have such a sorrow weigh upon their fair, young shoulders!

Not so many weeks have flown since this sorrow came into their lives—this sorrow which is never to be forgotten.

A bunch of College girls! The words alone create enough excitement.

These girls, one Saturday, decided they wanted to "do a stunt," so, of course, after gathering together and having a heated consultation, they decided to have a *fast*.

How wise the girls all were! What wonderful plans came from their fertile brains and what joyful smiles wreathed their faces as they ran from room to room making preparations for the great event.

Suddenly all the poor young creatures became very hungry and singly, or in pairs, made their way to Mrs. Herring, begging her to order them a *few* things. Naturally Mrs. Herring, from the kindness of her big heart, complied with the wishes of the overworked (?) girls, and the wires were soon hot with passing orders.

At last these orders were filled and all the paraphernalia gathered in one large room. Sleeves went up, girls commenced making good things, and soon all was ready for the great feast which was to be held on the stroke of twelve.

How perfectly the girls had planned everything!—how they would spend the night with one another and how, at the warning of the alarm clock, they would all be up and creep down the long corridors to the far-

away regions of the "gym." They had only to close their eyes to see the stupitious feast all spread with "enough grape-juice to float a *gun-boat* and enough chicken salad to feed a *regiment*."

Yes, the prospects were indeed glorious and *of course* they would never be found out!

II.

Light bell had rung and all was *supposed* to be quiet, but behind closed doors on third floor, girls, who were too excited to think of sleep, kept up a continual murmuring.

Many were the girls who had slipped from their rooms to stay in others, many were the lights still burning, and lo! many were the rules that were broken.

When conversation was waxing highest and hearts were beating fastest there came a sound from the hallway. Then footsteps were heard in the corridors. Oh horror of horrors! How familiar were those footsteps! Lights went off in a flash, and quiet reigned supreme. Then there came a commanding rnp and a stern voice demanding entrance. The door swung open and the poor girls, trying to hide behind a gas jet, were bathed in a flood of light and exposed to the piercing glances of Mrs. Herring and Miss Torrance!

They had come, they said, to announce that there would be no feast that night and to tell the runaway girls to flee to their rooms as fast as they could.

For a few minutes the corridors were thronged with frightened girls running, with terror stricken faces and flowing hair, to their rooms and to safety. Forgotten was the midnight feast; forsaken were the many pious of "the twenty-three."

Of course, next day they managed to have a *midday* feast, but how different from what they had planned!



A NEW VERSION OF SHAKESPEARE

OUR gas jets are burnt low, and jolly girls
Stand up, with the smoking candy pots.

Why leave the debutante asleep,
The matrons bridge whist play,
Some men must wash while others sweep,
So runs the world to-day.

Appropriaten shirt waist if you have it not,

Black gowns and white,
Red gowns and gray,
Mangle, mangle, mangle,
Mangle them away.

Doubt the aerial flyer,
Doubt power of steam and steel,
Doubt ballbearing, high gauge tire;
But doubt not the Automobile.

Our girls in tasset garments clad,
Walk o'er the dew of yon high College Hill.

Sigh no more, Juniors, sigh no more,
You cannot study forever,
One more year as Seniors sure,
And College ties you sever.

Trouble! Secret cooking, trouble!
And it makes the gas bill double,
Milk from out a new tin take,
Stir it well—it must not cake;
With the fork stir Cocoa in,
Sugar, too; to boiling bring,
Cool and stir with bit of wood,
Then the fudge is fine and good.
Oh, well done! Commend our pains,
And every one shall share the gains,
And now about the dish begin,
Like elves (kinstant) in a ring.
Sigh! 'Tis sticking to our gums.
Some one tipping this way comes,
To bed, girls, quick! Put out the light,
And hide the dish well out of sight.

E. H. M.

REGULATIONS

Promptness in response to all bells is not required. They are rung for the amusement of the teachers.

Pupils are not required to take any exercise. Walking bell is merely a matter of form, and rising bell is rung to lull those who are awakened by the approach of day.

Pupils must dress in the latest style. Short sleeves are worn in all seasons. On every evening occasion all pupils are required to wear decollete dresses.

Eating between meals and just before retiring is endorsed by Mrs. Herring.

Lights must remain burning all night.

Borrowing is heartily recommended by the faculty. It is the surest way of finding how many clothes your neighbor has.

The bell rung at nine o'clock is *teachers' room bell*. All teachers are required to respond quickly to this, so that the young ladies may not be interrupted in their visits to friends.

All young ladies are expected to have young men callers in the parlors at least once a week.

All pupils may go to town unchaperoned.

Pupils are warned against cleaning up their rooms more than once a week. If the rooms are found in order more often than this, the occupants will be severely reprimanded.

Love talking and laughing is good for the health, and it is advised by physicians as an excellent appetizer.

The furniture is not expected to last longer than one season. The young ladies may use the tables for spring boards in their physical work, and mirrors may be used for punching bags.

Permission will be granted any pupil who desires to spend some time in the city. A change of surroundings and diet is very necessary.

Students are not expected to accept any advice from the teachers, except when the student body approves.

M. G.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

"What is that fearful scratching sound?"—said Miss Leiser, on parade.
 "Tis only wind among the trees," Miss Torrance quickly said.
 "What are those curious skulking forms?" Miss Leiser wildly cried.
 "Some men disguised in women's clothes," Miss Torrance then replied.
 "Oh, it may be girls who have escaped, I hear their footsteps fall;
 We'll place a guard at every door, and search from hall to hall."
 See Miss Leiser how she's shaking, who will sleep with her to-night,
 For she can't be left alone to-night until the morning.

"Why are the gates all locked and barred?" said teachers coming back,
 "To keep us safe from harm to-night," said Miss Torrance, looking black;
 "And what is all this fuss about?" said the teachers in delight,
 "Peculiar noises racked my nerves," said Miss Leiser, looking white.
 For they're hanging little tick-tacks, and they're prowling in the night,
 With their dresses round about their heads, revealed by clear moonlight,
 When with noble perseverance they have trained Miss Leiser's nerves,
 There'll be nothing to disturb until the morning.

* * *

Annie Mai (standing on wall of fort)—"Well, where is the fort anyway? I don't see it."

* * *

New Girl—"What is that funeral notice hanging up in the hall—who's dead?"

Old Girl—"Oh, those are the rules Mrs. Herring has had framed in black as an 'in memoriam,' but they are alive, not dead, she'd have you remember."

* * *

Mrs. Castland—"Mabel, who built the Ark?"

Mabel—"Jonah."

Mabel (a little later)—"Edna, didn't Jonah build the Ark?"

Edna—"Why, no child! Jonah swallowed the whale."

* * *

Ethel—"Miss Bettie, what is the sensible horizon?"

Miss Bettie—"Now don't interrupt me; we're not studying sensible things, we're studying astronomy."

AN ELUSIVE WHISTLE

("Winken, Nodden and Nod"—undoubtedly)

Miss Torrance, Miss Sanford, Miss Watson, one night
 Were roused by the strangest noise,
 Crept down the hall by candle light
 Thinking it must be boys.
 "Whence comes this sound and what does it mean?"
 In whispers questioned the queen.
 "It must be a midnight feast, I ween,"
 Miss Watson chuckled in glee.
 "Catch the sinners, this once," said she,
 With a Wink,
 A Blink,
 And a Nod.

The old man laughed and hid his face
 As they peered in the dark old gym,
 "'Tis no midnight feast that's taking place,"
 Muttered these teachers grim.
 The little mice were scampering there,
 The shrews were frightful to see,
 Again that sound on the midnight air—
 "Never afraid are we!"
 So cried each one of the dayless three,
 With a Wink,
 A Blink,
 And a Nod.

Miss Sanford thought that she heard some men
 Rattling chairs on the ground below,
 Then clear on their ears fell the sound again,
 A whistle long and low,
 'Twas all so strange and weird, it seemed
 As if it could not be;
 And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed.
 But 'tis true, they say, those teachers there,
 With a Wink,
 A Blink,
 And a Nod.

Winking and blinking, they answered the call,
 Instant on catching those boys.
 Hark! the whistling sounds along the hall
 'Tis within that mysterious noise.
 And what do you think Miss Torrance found?
 Strange as it seems to be—
 'Twas steam pipes making that curious sound
 Which had startled these quippers three.
 Now this tale is true—they told it to me,
 With a Wink,
 A Blink,
 And a Nod.

SOCIAL CALENDAR.

1906

SEPTEMBER—Mu Phi Psi receive Faculty and Students in Chapter-room; Old Girls' Welcome to the New! "Gym" Party, Misses Tinsington and Conyer.

OCTOBER—The New Girls entertain the Old; Wagoner's Party; Hallow E'en Party; Sigma Theta Phi entertain all societies at New Chapter House; Hallow E'en Boufire Party; Non-Sorority Girls, Old Post.

NOVEMBER—Ladies of Methodist Church receive Potter and Ogden Students in Church Parlors; Miss Wyllie entertains Vocal Class; Miss Sanford entertains Elocution Class; Y. W. C. A. entertainment for benefit of Missionary Fund; Thanksgiving dinner and entertainment; Beta Sigma Omicron and Mu Phi Psi sororities entertain in honor of Miss Batson, of Clarksville, Tenn.; Miss Watson entertains Art Class.

DECEMBER—Delta Pi Chapter Sorority entertain Mu Phi Psi and Beta Sigma Omicron sororities in new Chapter-room; Delta Pi Kappa entertain the Faculty.

1907

JANUARY—New Year's Reception, College Parlors; Ladies of Presbyterian Church receive Potter College Students and Faculty in Church Parlors; Mrs. Dill entertains Baptist girls at her home.

FEBRUARY—Sigma Theta Phi entertain at farewell dinner for Miss Hazel Crosson; Miss Hazel Crosson entertains Sigma Theta Phi; Dr. and Mrs. Cabell entertain Faculty in College Parlors; Miss Zarbell entertains Piano Class; Misses Eastland and Buchanan entertain Mu Phi Psi in honor of Mr. Walter Gibson, Shreveport, La.; Mrs. Hering entertains Mu Phi Psi in honor of Mr. Walter Gibson; Y. W. C. A. Colonial Party.

MARCH—Juniors entertain Seniors at dinner; Dr. and Mrs. Cabell entertain Seniors and Faculty, White Hall; Miss Marie Hogan entertains Sigma Theta Phi in honor of Mr. and Mrs. — Hogan, Tyler, Texas; Miss Patsy Shobe entertains Beta Sigma Omicron in honor of Miss Sue Shobe, of Smith's Grove; Miss Watson entertains Beta Sigma Omicron Sorority; Misses Taft and Lynch entertain Sigma Theta Phi in honor of Misses Smith and de Treville, of Hopkinsville.

APRIL—Annual Excursion to Mammoth Cave; Beta Sigma Omicron entertain in honor of Mrs. Bryan, of Franklin, Indiana; Senior Day; Senior Excursion to Shreveport; Senior and Junior Flag Rush.

MAY—Farewell Reception.



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ELSA MCGINNIS,
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Bridal Altar.
Ann Chair.

SHORT ROUTE

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